

The end and Confession of John Felton

who suffred in Paules Churchyard in London,
the .viii. of August, for high Treason. 1570.

E The man desires to haue reporte,
of newes both strange and rare:
And couits for to know those thinges,
whereby they may be ware.
For to abyde those doynges greate,
that might on them befall:
For by example are they taught
to do, and what they shall
Receiue for their malicious mindes,
and wicked Treasons greate:
As now of late it hath been seen
through Justice iudgements seate.
That holdes the sword to do the right,
and strike where blowes should fall:
And punish for their wicked liues,
eche one whom the doth call.
The poore, the ritche, the learned, & wise
the begger and the snudge:
The kynge sometime tw hath it felt,
as well as hath the iudge.
Wherefore be lawes decreed and made
but for to punish those,
That will not by the Prince be rewl'd
but seemes to be theyr foes.
As now is seene by Felton lo,
that lately here did die,
In Paules Churchyarde he left his life,
on Galows taule and hie.
Who from the prison where he lay,
was drawne on Wardell there:
For good example of all such,
that they might take the feare.
For to beware of suche like fate,
as well in worde as dede:
Least they for theyr like hier at last
no better like to speede.
Now marke his ende and what I shall
reporthe here of his death:
For why these eares of mine did here,
and eyes while that his breath
Remained in his wicked corps,
which stubboznlly did die:
As one me thought something bestraught
through Treasons crueltie.
His Cowne of Crograin he put of,
which on his backe he had:
And eke his Doublet which was made
of Battin somewhat sad.
Into his Shirte he then was stript,
and by the Ladder he
Did mount, for to receaue that death,
that eche man there might se.
These wordes he spake, and said aloude
my Maisters all and some:
One thinge I haue to say to you,
now that I here am come.
That is, I pray you all with me
beare recorde what I say:
I here protest before you all,
this present dieyng day,
That I was neuer Traytour sure,
nor Treason to my Queene
Did neuer do, nor neuer thought,
that euer hath been seene.
And for the fate wherefore I die,
I can it not denie:
But at the Gate where as the Bull
was hanged, there was I,

In company, on moze with me,
did hange it vp together:
And though in place, I had not bin,
it had not scaped euer.
From hanging vp, for suredly,
for that same present day:
It had bin hanged, in that place,
though I had been away.
Then sayde the Shyeue, vnto him,
Oh Felton do remember:
That thou hast bin, a Traytour great
and to the Queene offender.
And surely thou moste Trayterously,
and stubboznlly hast thou sought,
The best thou couldest to go aboute,
thy Prince to bringe to nought.
And eke the Realme and all the rest,
as mutche as in thee lay,
Thou soughtst by thy Traiterous harte,
to bringe vnto decay.
Wherefore call vnto God the Lord,
and pray him from thy hart:
That he receaue thy soule to rest,
when thou from hence shalt part.
Well so I do, and here I craue,
you all good people pray
For me, that ready is to dye,
and then began to say,
Into thy hands, Oh Lord my God,
I yeeld my Soule and Breath:
For thou hast me redeemed, I say,
with thy most precious death.
In manus tuas Domine,
and so the rest he sayde,
The Hangman then did thowse him of,
and so his breath was staide.
He hanged theare vpon the Tree,
and in a litle space:
They cut him downe incontinent,
that Justice might take place.
Wher as he quartred shoulde be,
according to the Lawe:
And to the Iudgement that he had,
to make those stande in awe.
That be of his affinitie:
and surely there be some,
That thinkes that he deserude not death
in all that he hath don.
He then dismembred was straight way,
when he had ended that:
His Belly ripped open wide,
his Bowels all he gat.
And to the fire he straight them thzewe,
which ready there was made:
And there consumed all to dust,
as is the fiers trade.
His Head cut of, the Hangman then,
did take it vp in hand:
And vp alofte he did it showe,
to all that there did stand.
And then his body in fowze partes,
was quartred in that place:
More pittty that his Traytozous Hart,
could take no better grace.
And thus he had his iust desarte,
as well he had deserued:
I would the rest that not repents,
were likewise also serued,

Beware you Papists all beware,
be true vnto your Queene:
Let not your Traiterous hartes be bent
as here tofore hath been.
Stand not against the liuing God,
spurne not against his Law:
Like not against the Prince I say,
but haue him still in awe.
Be not ashamde to tozne in time,
let shamefastnesse aside:
No shame it is to turne to God,
though you haue gon far wide,
The farther you haue gon astray,
and wicked wayes hath led,
The earnestter you should returne,
from that most wicked Bed,
Wherin you lay a sleape long while,
forgetting of his grace:
Now call therefore vnto the Lord,
to set you in that place,
Wher you may haue eternall rest,
and liue in heauen hie:
And rest in Abrahams bosome too,
when that you needes must dye.
And for that grace that God may geue,
as I haue sayde before:
I humbly pray continually,
both now and euermore.
Our Prince, our Quene Elizabeth,
a happy state to haue:
Let vs all pray with one accord,
her noble grace to saue.
And hir to kepe from all hir foes,
and sheild eternally:
From wicked wights that go about,
to seke continually:
Hir whole decay: the Lord defend,
hir noble royall hart:
From yelding to those foes of hers,
that daily plaies their parte.
For to beaue her of her right,
and of hir stately Crowne:
All those (I say) that so doth seke,
God shortly thzow them downe.
Thus here I end, and once againe,
the liuing God I pray:
Our noble Quene Elizabeth,
preserue both night and day.

FINIS. (q) F.G.

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